Ode to mimi Magick

No permission asked or drawn;
Artefacts with Axes sewn.
Booming Naked silent Screams.
Upside-in and twisted, beams.

No chair to tame this silhouetted Rune.
No light pierces this solo Quartet's Tune;
Brains, Flesh and Flame sing in Hermetic Tongue.

Psychopomp Maieutic! Hail Her Magick's Sons!

—Merilok

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